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A GLIMPSE AT IRELAND.

ANANIAS made a reflection as we left Killarney. "We travel under a disadvantage," said he. "We cannot tell, as yet, how much of what we see is specifically Irish, and how much generically British. Yesterday's chops, of tender and beatific memory, I was about to set down to the credit of Ireland, when I remembered a tradition that England, which we have not seen, is famous for mutton. Honor where honor is due. Shall we praise Great Britain in general, or Ireland in particular?"

I sighed. "Let us go to dinner," said I.

"Let us go to England," responded Ananias.

"Yes, but afterwards. First chops; then England and philosophy." Fatigue and hunger had crept upon me during our trip to the lakes, and I thought it was inconsiderate, not to say heartless, in my companion to introduce discussion before dinner.

But at that meal we decided that unless our taste had become, since leaving home, like the ear of Byron's duelist in *Don Juan*, "more Irish and less nice," chops equal to those then set before us were not to be found in America.

"With the British lion," said I, "we may have our quarrels yet; but I am sure that we shall never disagree with the British lamb."

"Well," rejoined my companion, "let us resume our journey to-morrow."

And so we took the morning train for Dublin.

How wide one's senses open during the first unsated weeks in a strange country! We two peripatetics seemed to become all ear and eye. From the upper rim of our ears, the angle of Woolner, which Darwin describes in his late work on "The Genealogy of Man"—I think I have the title correctly—that furry point which Nature has turned down and rounded into the refined oval of the human auricle, as a baker moulds the edge of a pie-crust—the *angulus Woolneri* seemed to unfold itself, and prick itself up anew, that we might hear better. Like our ancestors the fauns, we listened with erect ears.

Delightful landscapes appeared as we moved away. But what is perfect? There was one drawback to the enjoyment of them, one counter-charm to their beauty. The real scenes disturbed the imaginary pictures that I had seen so clearly, ever since my childhood, with "the inward eye." Hill and valley and castle, and the enchanted lake where St. Patrick drowned the serpents, saying, "Be aisy, darlints," as he locked them into the fatal box—all had been definite forms in my thought; and the ideal Killarney was better known to me than many a lake and mountain that I had seen. It was with regret that I found the real landscape taking possession of me like an unceremonious tenant, and putting out of doors the old familiar furniture of the imagination. I began to fear that I should lose more sights than I should see. Do other travelers experience this exhalation—this spiritual dissipation, when they come into the real presence of what they had imagined?

My gallery of old pictures, however, was not quite dispersed by travel. It gained many new landscapes; and though the old were somewhat dimmed by contrast with the brighter colors of these, I can still hang them side by side and compare the old with the new, the ideal with the real landscape. It was hard to say, in this case, which was the lovelier scene; yet the finest landscape I ever saw was in a dream, years ago—a valley among high mountains; I remember it even now more distinctly than many parts of Ireland or Italy.

Speeding northward through the island, we were surprised at finding so little likeness, so much difference, between "the old country" and the new. The difficulty, indeed, was to find any repetition of what we had left behind. There is a great gulf of difference, as well as of ocean, between the old world and the new—between Killarney and "New Cork," for instance. Hardly anything in nature is the same upon both sides of the Atlantic, except the clouds, and these are more abundant there than at home. The ground, the grass, the flowers, the animals and men, all wore a different look from those of America. The trees were of more solid proportions, more dense in twig and branchlet, more full and succulent in leaf. Nothing really survives transplantation, thought I. The life goes on, but it is another character. If Milton had gone to America, he would never have written

"Tempora, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

Men certainly did change their souls who went westward across the Atlantic. Even the plants and trees, whom we must now, I suppose, since the Development theory has become orthodox, honor with the personal pronouns, and credit with some sort of drowsy vegetable soul—even plants have an immaterial nature which is affected, like that of men, by their circumstances. Going westward achieves wonders, if we may trust the author of that valuable work, "What Little I Know About Farming." Was it this migration that made our oaks and pines and hemlocks so different from those of England?

Doubtless all things, then, thought I, depend upon circumstances. And I broke out into generalizations—a bad thing to do habitually; but I felt quite at liberty to bore Ananias, for he was my friend. "Each phenomenon is the product of everything else," said I. "If anything had ever been different from what it was, everything would now be different from what it is."

Looking at my audience, I observed that he had just dropped off into a placid sleep, and could not but think that if my remarks had been different from what they were, or if they had never been made at all, he might still have been awake like me. I had frightened him from his placid perch in the daylight, and he had plumped instantly beneath the surface of the flood of dreams. I had seen frogs behave in a like unappreciative manner when I approached. I severely awoke Ananias. At heart, however, I was glad that no one had overheard my utterances, for they might have turned out to be heretical—a parlous fear, for did we not intend to return in due time to America?

We found ourselves whirling away toward Dublin at the rate of fifty miles per hour, and with less jarring, swaying, and noise than attends the motion of one of our own trains at thirty miles an hour. Every feature of the ride was novel. Our train moved stealthily away from the stations to the sound of a small, musical whistle blown by the guard, instead of starting like a colt at the hoot of a steam-trumpet. We kept the left-hand track—a double track all the way—and it was pleasant to see it always followed and protected by dense hedges, or by fences of iron wire, and carried upon solid bridges above the level of the highway, or under equally solid bridges which lifted the road above us. The line seldom turned aside for the ridge of any hill or the valley of any stream. The fiery shuttle shot straight from station to station through the mountains themselves. Yet what a delightful sense of safety on these trains—none of that apprehension, as the American phrases it, that every moment may be your last! At each switch and station we noticed a complicated system of signals, devised for our greater security. The trim surfaces of the railway embankments and cuttings were clothed with fine grass, which is sold, by the mile of road, each summer, and these crops produce quite a handsome little income to the railway managements throughout the kingdom.

We reached Dublin on Good Friday, and found that the tourist's shrines, excepting the churches, were closed until the morrow. We went to Saint Patrick's Cathedral, the crooked walls of which seemed to have been builded before masons learned how to lay a straight foundation. The plane of the walls undulates laterally, as the floor of St. Mark's, in Venice, rises and falls from the level. Within, we saw the tomb of Richard Strongbow. The mail-clad warrior reposes, carved in barbaric effigy, upon the lid of his sarcophagus. "What a fossil old fellow!" said Ananias. "He looks like a cross between a crocodile and an iguanodon. Egypt itself contains nothing that appears more ancient than this tomb. So potent are the moist northern airs in causing the decay of granite and of marble, that a century in Ireland corrodes more deeply than a thousand years

"Under the vault of blue Italian weather."

My comrade did not often drop into poetry—politics and statistics were his forte—and I reminded him that it was doubly out of keeping to quote from that sweet infidel Shelley, on Good Friday. Ananias therefore obligingly withdrew the quotation.

Leaving the cathedral, we turned our steps towards Trinity College. A student met us in the outermost of the great quadrangular courts around which the college buildings stand, and volunteered to show us the place. Under his guidance we saw a great number of fine and interesting things—lecture-rooms, chapels, libraries (nothing is less interesting than a library in which you cannot stay to read), and the massive Corinthian façade of the buildings, in Portland stone. But what we most wished to see was the way in which the students lived—a domestic interior in an Irish college—something that should resemble the environment of *Verdant Green*, that hero dear in the imagination of many an American collegian.

We coyly intimated this desire to our new friend, and he, with great courtesy, at once invited us to his own rooms, in the northern side of the west quadrangle. He had two sitting-rooms and a large bedroom, with capacious closets, upon the ground floor; his larder was well stored with provisions, and his meals were served at his rooms; the furniture was good—but like the young man mentioned in Scripture, he lacked one thing. That one thing was a rocking-chair. Lacking this, he and his chum were as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

I wondered, and still wonder that our own *jeunesse dorée* do not oftener try, as Mr. Bristed tried, the experiment of English university life. "What outrageous providence prevented our graduating at such a place as this?" demanded I. But Ananias answered, "Let us save our enthusiasm for Oxford and Cambridge."

So we left our gentle Irishman, with many thanks for his courtesy. Our next thought was to visit the "Donnybrook Fair." Like the Killarney scenery, this phrase was an old familiar of ours. How many times had we gone in spirit to Donnybrook! To be sure, there was now no Fair in progress, and Donnybrook itself had little interest—but we were full of the first romantic enthusiasms of travel. We were sure that to be in Donnybrook was to be in the most Irish part of Ireland—to enter into the very spirit of the shillalah.

A drizzling rain fell as we staged it out of Belfast city; and when we reached Donnybrook the drizzling rain still fell. Six Irishmen alighted from the stage and drank beer with the most uncharacteristic sedateness at the "Terminus" inn, then vanished dismally in the rain. Nothing was to be done, but to return in the same stage to Dublin. We did so. We had seen nothing; still, we had seen Donnybrook, and we were satisfied.

We observed nothing which served for an irritant to our fancies until we reached the Exhibition of Irish Industry, then in progress. Here was a sight for a philosopher—a collection of cloths arranged according to national taste in dress. Each different fabric was exhibited under the name of the country where its color or pattern was most popular. The tastes of many nations were thus displayed at a glance—classified and generalized in masses of color. The characteristic hues of India, Norway, China, Australia, were all shown in contrast; it was as if all the world were made visible to us at once. Yellow was sure to be the favorite for South American wear; vivid scarlets went to Italy, purples and green to Spain; while for home consumption, the Briton prefers red—the familiar dun and drab colors, and exports them to his kindred in the colonies. Of taste in color, the scale was evenly graded from dark to light according to the climatic heat of the different countries. The brightness of a nation's dress seems to be in the ratio of its mean annual temperature. In the character of the figuring and pattern of the fabrics, the distinctions were more subtle; but it was interesting to note the great difference, the range from wild to cultivated, in the grain of national tastes. One thing was evident, that profound causes determined the tastes in clothes, of all clothes-wearing people. Color, figure, and pattern, the very choice of one's tailor, are controlled by general laws. Yet each wearer of garments fancies that he makes the freest choice. A new Sartor Resartus might be written by the aid of this strange collection, which epitomized the clothing of the world, and showed how the great waves of color and of ornamental pattern had spread among the nations.

"How local," I said, "is our northern dislike of brilliant colors in dress! Why should we, who have cloudy skies and pale complexions, exclude from our garb the splendid colors of the plumage of birds, of gems, of flowers and flame? Nature offers us for our imitation the loveliest examples of color. The brightest tints in this collection are less intense than the yellow of an American elm in October; their crimsons are unsuccessful rivals of the autumn maple leaves; nor can the green that the Spanish wear outvie the June meadows. Why should we not clothe ourselves sometimes as the grasses of the field, and put away the masculine blame of black? Why have we discarded color in our dress, whose ancestors walked gorgeously in scarlet and in gold? Is it to

give lovely woman the monopoly of color, and to make our sombre garb a foil and background to her bright attire? Give us back the days of doublets, ruffs, and velvets — of slashed breeches and nodding plumes! Why are we doomed to perennial black the refuge of abject mediocrity in taste?"

Then my companion made his little speech in answer to me. "There is no lack of causes," said he, "for this modern æsthetic decadence. One of the principal reasons is that the plain clothes of men are a concession to the democratic spirit. Fine dress marked too clearly, for the street, the distinction of the rich from the poor; in times of disorder the mob attacked the gentlemen first, and tore off their fine feathers. The gentlemen concluded, in the course of generations, that it was better to set the fashion of simplicity. The populace cannot abolish wealth, neither can they force rich men to live in poor houses. But it has prevailed on them to dress in such a way as not to offend their pride. The movement began as long ago as the enactment of that sumptuary law of Venice decreeing that the gondolas be stripped of their ornaments, and painted black. The democratic tendency gave us the funereal gondola of today, and made possible Shelley's description of it as 'a butterfly of which the chrysalis might have been a coffin.' Like the Venetian gondola, and for the same reason, the European gentleman now appears in black. The Englishman has reacted as far as gray from this mere negation. But the English nobleman is one of the most plainly dressed people in the world, and for that reason, among others, the English aristocracy is the strongest. When slashed breeches come in fashion again, expect the fall of the British Empire."

I made a note of this in my pocket almanac, and we returned to supper. — *T. M. Coan.*

THE RAINY DAY. — JOHN S. DAVIS.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

VERY very long ago there was a man who went out into the forest one Sunday morning to cut wood. Having chopped a large quantity of brushwood, he tied it together, thrust a stick through the bundle, threw it over his shoulder, and was on his way home, when there met him on the road a comely man, dressed in his Sunday clothes, who was going to church. He stopped, and, accosting the woodcutter, said: "Dost thou not know that on earth this is Sunday, the day on which God rested from his works, after he had created the world, with all the beasts of the field, and also man? Dost thou not know what is written in the fourth commandment. 'Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath-day?'" The questioner was our Lord himself. The wood-cutter was hardened, and answered: "Whether it is Sunday on earth or Monday (Moonday) in heaven, what does it concern thee or me?" "For this thou shalt for ever bear thy bundle of wood," said the Lord; "and because the Sunday on earth is profaned by thee thou shalt have an everlasting Monday, and stand in the moon, a warning to all such as break the Sunday by work." From that time the man stands in the moon, with his faggot of brushwood, and will stand there to all eternity. — *Yule-Tide Stories.*

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining:
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

— *H. W. Longfellow.*

OBLIVION.

OBLIVION is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth that of the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans doubted, whether to live thus were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration; diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls — a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their past selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind and folly. — *Browne.*